

HAZEL BLOSSOMS.

J. G. WHITTIER.

The summer warmth has died away,
The summer song has left the sky,
And withered in the footpaths lie
The fallen leaves and yesterday
Wither and wither and wither
Wither and wither and wither
The grass is brown on the hills;
No pale, belated flowers call
The autumn of the hills,
And the dead leaves fall
From the blackened, from the roadside wall.

Yet, through the gray and somber woods,
Against the dusk of air and pine;
The hazel's yellow blossoms shine,
The tawny gold of Africa's mine!
Small beauty hath my unsung flower,
For spring to own or summer hail;
But in the season's saddest hour,
To skies that weep and wind that wail,
Its glad surprise never fail.

O days grown cold! O life grown old!
No rose of June may bloom again;
But, like the hazel's twisted gold,
Through earth and air and sky and rain,
Shall hints of summer time remain.

And as within the hazel's bough
A gift of mystic virtue dwells,
That points to golden ages below,
And in dry desert places tells
Where fountains of the cool, sweet swells—
So, in the wise Diviner's hand,
He mine the hazel's grateful part
To feel, beneath a thrifty hand,
The living waters thrill and start.
The beating of the rivulet's heart.

Suffice me the gift to fight,
With latest bloom the dark, cold days;
To call some hidden spring to light,
That, in these dry and dusty ways,
Shall sing its pleasant song of praise.

O Love! the hazel wand may fall,
But that canst lead the surer spell,
That, passing over back and side,
Reveals the true time miracle,
And makes the desert land a well.

NEWS AND GOSSIP.

Miss Kate Stanton has returned from France where she has been to study the Workingmen's Palace at Guise. She will embody the result of her observations in a lecture.

General Garibaldi has consented to his nomination as a candidate for Rome in the impending elections, on condition that he shall be expected to attend the chamber only when he thinks necessary.

Monksignor Teodoli, Camerlingo at the Vatican, has been captured by brigands near Frosinone, and they want 150,000 francs for him. Excessively dear for a Camerlingo, but the brigands have not heard of the decreasing importance of this sort of people in the world of to-day.

The Rev. Mr. Collyer, who decided not to leave Chicago, says: "I was advised that if I went to New York I should be like a horse driven down from a carriage seat to an omnibus seat. Just as soon as the New York folks found I didn't suit, they would jerk me out, throw me to one side and let me go to the dogs."

An Irishman having arrived from Dublin at the house of a respectable merchant in the borough, and having left Ireland three weeks before, brought with him a basket of eggs; and his friend asked him why he took the trouble to bring eggs from Ireland to England. "Because," said he, "I am so fond of them new laid, and I know these to be so."

The White House, which is whiter than ever by two fresh coats of paint, is all ready for the reception of the bride and groom. Mrs. President Grant has given up her own room for the use of the young couple, and has taken one across the hall which faces the river, and which was Nellie's room during her childhood. Mrs. Sartoris contemplated the profits to the nation and the change his plans about a trip to Europe. He will divide his time between the White House and Chicago.

Mr. J. V. Whittaker, of Philadelphia, writes that "a gentleman in that city, Mr. J. G. Barnwell, who holds an honorary position in the Mercantile library, has spent many years in gathering materials for a dictionary of anonyms and synonyms. He has some 8,000 items in his collection, but I fear there is no chance of its being printed, as, while the cost of production is known, the profits to the printer are not. To quote the words of Herbert Spencer, 'he engaged to the regions of the unknowable.'"

There are now sixty Chinese students supported by their government in Connecticut and Massachusetts. Thirty came two years ago, thirty arrived a year since, and thirty more are expected in about a fortnight. So far their deportment has been excellent and their progress quite remarkable. The students are placed at first in families, two in a place, where their first aim is the mastery of our language. They are all under strict supervision and spend each from two to four weeks a year at the "Headquarters" of the Chinese educational commission in Hartford, where they are regularly examined as to their habits and progress.

A young girl in Paris, named Marguerite Bellet, who had been unfortunate in a love affair, resolved to commit suicide. Before going to bed she filled her chamber with the most odorous flowers, and having completely closed the room, covered up her head and went to sleep. She was found in an unconscious state about noon next day, and although by Col. Grant she was recalled to life, her reason had fled. She imagines she has been transported to the kingdom of flowers, and has become a marigold. "I remember that I loved a butterfly," she murmurs, "but he has gone away."

From 1857 to 1870 Gen. O. O. Howard invested over three hundred thousand dollars in government bonds, and used the interest received from such bonds in payment of bona fide claims, in order to make up a deficit in public funds caused by the payment of fraudulent claims. Attorney General Williams, to whom was submitted certain questions regarding the responsibility of Gen. Howard and Balloch for such use of public moneys, states that criminal prosecution against them is not barred by limitations imposed by the statutes, but they still remain civilly liable, and suits may be begun against them to recover.

Sady Morgan told Lover that it was of his case she was thinking when in her "Life and Times of Salvador Rosa" she objected so strictly to a father's opposing his child's bias. She said:

"I am at a loss to account for that blind resistance which we see parents so often make to their children's wishes. For my part, if I had a son, and I even desired to become a highwayman, I should certainly not oppose him. On the contrary, I believe should make him a press of pair of pistols and a good horse to boot and should only say to him: 'My dear boy, I am very unhappy at the choice you have made, but since the gallows is your vocation, in Heaven's name pursue it, only be like a gentleman; and so, giving him my blessing, I'd let him seek his fortune as he pleased.'"

gentleman in this city showed us an ear of corn yesterday which partakes strongly, in appearance at least, of the hybrid character described in this paragraph. The grains were shaped somewhat like grains of rice, but were thicker, and were of almost the exact color of rice. The seed from which this ear was raised bore a much closer resemblance to rice than the grain on this ear did. The seed formerly came from South Carolina. It appears very probable to us that it is a hybrid, and that it will develop more of the nature of corn and less of rice each year that it is cultivated remotely from the rice field.—Macon Telegraph and Messenger.

A SLEEPING CAR ON FIRE.

A PALACE SLEEPING CAR ON THE GEORGIA RAILROAD IN FLAMES. THE RAILROAD PRESIDENT NARROWLY ESCAPES—SOME INJURED.

The Atlanta Herald of the 5th inst. contains the following account of a strange railroad accident in that state: It was reported early yesterday morning, in the city, that the sleeping car on the up passenger train had been burned near Stone mountain. The rumors thickened as the day grew on, one of them relating that Judge John King, president of the Georgia Railroad, was in the car, with about \$3,000 in money and \$25,000 in Nutter bonds; that it was known that he was on board with that amount of money; that the car was set on fire, and that, while it was blazing and everything in confusion, a man seized Judge King's valise and escaped with it, and with the treasure it contained. The arrival of the train with the passengers gave fuller particulars, though many of the sleeping-car people were not in proper apparel to be interviewed, having only a garment apiece left. The best account that we could get is from Mr. E. E. Lucas, a fellow passenger of the train, who was in the car just ahead of the sleeper. He says that about daybreak he had just walked across the car to get a drink of water, and had retired to his seat and settled down for a nap, when a lady, partly en dishabille, came rushing into the car, screaming at the top of her voice. "The train is on fire," he jumped up and turned to the lady. She was intensely frightened, and could explain nothing. Glancing through the rear of the car, he saw that the sleeping car was really on fire, and he saw the fellow passengers, Mr. T. B. Lucas and Ferdinand Phinizy, of Athens, and started back to the fire. By this time, Dr. Young, of Athens, discovering that the bell rope between the sleeper and the rest of the train was burned in two, seized the car, and of it, commenced ringing frantically, and crying manfully but ineffectually, "Stop, stop, stop the engine!"

Conductor Ed. Purcell, who was in the smoking car, just here entered the car at one end, while Garrett, conductor of the sleeping car, with nothing on but his vest and drawers, and Mr. Matt. O'Brien, clad in one pair of pants, came rushing in at the other, bearing a rescued passenger between them. These three men devoted themselves heroically to the work, plunging

into the blazing wreck, and bringing out each time a passenger. At length they emerged from the smoke and turmoil, bearing in their arms a pale and helpless old man, which turned out to be President John P. King. They had taken him from his berth, he being unable, from excitement or from debility, to move. His clothes were all burned up. When brought to the car, he was so weak that he could not lift his hand. He seemed perfectly dazed by the occurrence, and was evidently wandering in his mind. He said feebly, after they had laid him down, "Where is the sleeping car?"

"No, no, no," he replied in an unmeaning way and shaking his head dissentingly. "Where is my valise?" he asked anxiously.

"No, no, no, it can't be. Get me my valise!"

Mr. Ferdinand Phinizy, one of the directors of the road, and known intimately to Judge King for years and years, at this point stood squarely in front of Mr. King and said, "Judge, don't you know me?"

"I can't say that I do," he replied slowly and doubtfully. "Where is my valise?"

Mr. F. B. Lucas just here proffered Judge King a suit of clothes which he had in his valise. The being in the suit, he declined to accept, they were put upon him by the gentlemen around him. All the passengers were saved without injury. After the train had started again a young lady with two children, all of whom had barely escaped from the sleeper, inquired for her brother, who she had to her knowledge been in the train. It was discovered that he was not on the train. It is certain that no one was killed or burned. Mr. Purcell says that he was in the smoking car when he first heard the alarm. He immediately rushed into the car and brought out Judge King. He then attempted to enter the car again, in the endeavor to recover Judge King's valise, but the smoke drove him back. The back door being locked, the smoke had no access save through the front door. He wet his handkerchief, crammed it in his mouth,

and attempted to force his way in. He was again baffled; Mr. Alex. Roberts, an old fireman, then tried it, but failed also. The car was then cut off, and the train started. The fire, Conductor Purcell thinks, caught from the stove in the back of the car. He utterly scouted the idea of there being any foul play. He doesn't even think that Judge King had either bonds or money, and he has custom to carry valuables with him. We have good authority for saying that this is not the correct view of the matter. Dr. Logan thought early in the morning that the shock had unsettled Judge King's mind, and he subsequently held that his opinion was based on a false premise. He was so prostrated that he was unable to talk at all, and was carried from the train to the hotel. A reporter called upon Judge King and found him still very much disturbed in mind, but quite pleasant and communicative. He says that he "is so disturbed in mind that he can't recall what happened." But, says he, "I had been in the car half an hour probably, and had just laid my hat down and put in a very fine repeater watch that was given me by my father some twenty years ago in Europe. Also a silver cup, some trinkets, and a fine sword cane that I have carried for 55 years. In my valise I had \$3,000 in bonds, some of them Nutter bonds, a large amount in scrip, and also \$1,000 in cash. More valuable, though, than all these were some deeds and other papers of value I had in my valise. All were lost. When I was hurried out of the car I was so astonished that I didn't know what was the matter. Mr. Q. Jones, of Augusta, gave me some whisky, which he made me drink, and I am afraid I was Atlanta somewhat intoxicated. Judge King had no idea that any foul play was used in the burning of the car. He ascribes it purely to accident. No blame can be attached to any of the officials on the train. Mr. Joe. Wooden, of Atlanta, had just been on a tedious trip to Augusta to get some very important papers in a lawyer case that he is engaged in. He had them all ready for the case this morning. You can imagine his feelings when he saw them burned. The car was the Georgia. She was a splendid fourteen-section car.

NIGHTFALL: A PICTURE.

ALFRED B. STREET.

[Atlantic for August.]
Low burns the summer afternoon;
A mellow lustre lights the scene;
And from its golden tints
The purpling shade will chase the sheen.

The old quaint homestead's windows blaze;
The cedars long, black pictures show;
And broadly slope one path of rays
Within the barn, and makes it glow.

The loft stairs out—the cat intent,
Like carving, on some gnawing rat—
With sun-bathed hay and rafters bent,
Smoked, cobwebbed, homestead wisp and bat.

The harness, tridle, saddle darts
Gleams from the lower, rough expanse;
At either side the stooping cart,
Pitchfork, and plow, cast looks askance.

White Dobbin through the stable doors
Shows his round shape; faint colors coat
The fanger, where the harness part
With rustling rush, the glancing coats.

A sun hawk streaks the dusky shed;
Makes spears of seams and gems of chinks;
In mottled gloss the straw is blind;
And the gray grindstone dully blinks.

The sun salutes the lower west
With gorgeous tints around it dawn;
Beats on the eaves, the roof, the wall,
A crescent, shreds, a star—and gone.

The landscape now prepares for night;
The sunset slow settles round;
Eve shows her hues in every sight,
And blends her voice with every sound.

The sheep stream rippling down the dell,
Their smooth, sharp faces pointed straight;
The evening kine, with tinkling bells,
Come grazing through the pasture gate.

The ducks are grouped, and talk in fits;
One yawns with stretch of leg and wing;
One ears and fans, then settling sits;
One at a moat makes awkward spring.

The geese march grave in Indian file,
The ragged patriarch at the head;
Then, screaming, flutters from the flock
Fold up, and once more stately tread.

Heave chattering shows hatchedest air;
Hurls his shrill vaunt with lofty bend;
Lifts foot, glares round, then follows where
His scratching, picking parquets wend.

Staid Toward scents the glittering dew;
Then, yawning, draws a crescent deep,
Wheels his dew-drooping front around
And sinks with fore-paws stretched for sleep.

The oxen, loosened from the plow,
Rest by the pear tree's crooked trunk;
Tim, standing with voice-burdened brow,
Trim, in a mound beside him sunk.

One of the kine upon the bank
Heaves her face lifting, wheezy roar;
One smooths with languid paw her flank;
With ponderous droop one finds the floor.

Freed Dobbin through the soft, clear dark
Glimmers across the pillared scene,
With the grouped geese—a pallid mark—
And scattered bushes black between.

The fire-flicker freckle every spot
With fleckle light that gleams and dies;
The cat, a waving, shadowy blot,
The cat, a pair of prowling eyes.

Still the sweet, fragrant dark o'erflows
The deepening air and darkening ground;
By its rich scent I trace the rose,
The vireos beetle by its sound.

The cricket scrapes its rib-like tone;
The tree looms purrs in whirling tone;
And now the heaven's set stars appear,
And night and quiet reign alone.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

HER NEW YORK FAREWELL.

THE CLOSING ENGAGEMENT AT BOOTH'S THEATRE. A CROWD OF AUDIENCE. CROWNED WITH LAUREL WREATHS—SPEECHES ON THE OCCASION.

The New York Times of the 8th inst. contains the following account of the farewell to Miss Charlotte Cushman: The farewell testimonial to Miss Charlotte Cushman, at Booth's Theatre, last evening, will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed or participated in it. Every corner of the theatre was filled, though without discomfort, it should be said, to the audience. The affair was admirably managed in every respect, not a detail of the most minute character having been neglected. At dusk the ticket-holders began to assemble on Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street, and the crush became so great that the squad of police, one hundred and fifty strong, under Captain McCullough, was brought to the theatre and stationed about the entrances in the vestibules and corridors. Shortly after 6 o'clock the management deemed it expedient to open the house an hour earlier than customary for the accommodation of the hundreds of ladies and gentlemen already congregated on the sidewalks. This being done the auditorium began to fill, until at 7:30 o'clock not a seat was empty from parterre to dome. The audience was a brilliant one, and comprised representatives of many of the very best families in the city. Besides nearly all the city and county officials, there were representatives of the bench, bar and learned professions. Among the spectators were noticeable the Hon. W. M. Everts, Judge Edward Pierrepont, Judge Brady, Judge Davis, the Hon. Henry J. Thibault, the Hon. Samuel J. Tilden, Wm. H. Wickham, Algernon S. Sullivan, Clarence A. Seward, B. W. Griswold, Peter Cooper, R. B. Roosevelt, Parke Godwin, J. M. Bundy, R. Ogden Doremus, B. K. Phelps, and W. H. Vanderbilt. In the presence of such distinguished citizens, and the two lower boxes were devoted to the members of the Arcadian and the army and navy clubs. The latter was represented by the following officers: Gen. Hancock, Gen. Ingalls, Gen. Greer, Gen. McMahon, Gen. Bartlett, Gen. Prince, Gen. A. C. Smith, Gen. S. H. Stewart, Gen. Gordon Granger, Sidney Webster and family, Gen. Craig, and Mr. Clarence Seward. The house was tastefully decorated with flags festooned around the tiers, and over the upper gallery were hung the banners of the different states of the Union. Candelabras, and the boxes were handsomely draped. At 8 o'clock the performance began. The play was "Macbeth," with Mr. George Vandenhoff in the titular role, and Miss Cushman as Lady Macbeth. Both artists

RECEIVED AN OVATION.

on their appearance, and were heartily applauded during the progress of the tragedy. At its conclusion the stage was cleared and rearranged for the testimonial services to be conducted by the Arcadian Club. The audience waited patiently and were finally rewarded by the rising of the curtain, discovering a drawing room filled by ladies and gentlemen in evening dress, forming a semi-circle from right to left, facing the audience. Within the semi-circle stood Professor Roberts, of the New York College, and Messrs. Lester Wallack, John Gilbert, Monaghan, John T. Raymond, members of the company at Booth's, and many distinguished artists. Outside the theatre, between 10:30 and 11 o'clock, the streets were crowded by an expectant throng of New York and New England, who were gathered to witness the display of fireworks provided for the occasion. As the fireworks for the close of the performance drew near their close, and increased, and by 11:30 packed the sidewalks. Meanwhile the

proceedings inside had begun. Miss Cushman was escorted to the stage by the managers, and was hailed with tumultuous applause. When this subsided Prof. Roberts read the following poem, written for the occasion by R. H. Stoddard:

SALVE, REGINA!
The race of greatness never dies;
Here, there its fiery children rise,
Perfume the temple of the world,
And captive take our hearts.

Men, women of heroic mould,
Have overcome us from of old;
Crown us with them, as now,
For every royal brow.

The victor in the Olympian games—
His name among the proudest names;
Who handed the olive crown down;
To him the olive crown.

And then, the poets, grave and sage,
Stern masters of the tragic stage,
Who moved by art austere
To pity, love and fear—

To these was given the laurel crown,
Whose highest light conferred renown,
Still circles each gray head.

But greener laurels cluster now,
World gathered, on his spacious brow,
In his supremest place,
Greatest of their great race—

Shakespeare! Honor to him and her,
Who stands his grand interpreter,
Stepped out of his broad page
Upon the living stage.

The unseen hands that shape our fate
Moulded her strongly, made her great,
And gave her for her dowry
Abundant life and power.

To her sister Muses came,
Proffered their names, and promised fame;
She chose the tragic—rose
To its imperial woe.

What queen unquenched is here? What wife,
Whose long, bright years of loving life
Are suddenly darkened? Fate
Has crushed, but left her great.

Abandoned for a younger love,
She sees another place, and
Be more than she has been—
Most wretched wife and queen!

O, royal sufferer! Patient heart!
Lay down thy burdens and depart.
"Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell."
They ring her passing bell.

And thine, thy knell shall soon be rung,
Lady, the valor of thy tongue,
Thy didst true and brave
Stung the irresolute tongue.

To bloody thoughts, and deeds of death—
The evil genius of Macbeth;
But thy strong will must break,
And thy poor heart must ache.

Sleeping, she sleeps not; night betrays
The secret that consumes her days;
Behold her where she stands,
And rubs her guilty hands.

From darkness, by the midnight fire,
Withered and wild, in wild attire,
Starts spectral on the scene,
The stern, old gypsy Queen.

She crouches his simple cradle song,
She will not stir, she will not wrong—
The rightful heir comes back
With murder on his track.

Commanding, crouching, dangerous, kind,
Confusion in her darkened mind,
The paths of her years
Compels the soul to tears.

Bring laurel! Go, ye tragic Three,
And strip the sacred laurel tree,
And at her feet lay down
Here, now, a triple crown.

Salve, Regina! Art and Song,
Dismissed by thee shall mine thee long.
And keep thy memory green—
Our most illustrious Queen!

After the enthusiastic demonstration which the reading of this poem elicited, William Cullen Bryant presented Miss Cushman with a wreath of oak leaves, addressing her thus:

W. C. BRYANT'S ADDRESS.
"MADAM—The members of the Arcadian Club have requested me to present to you, in their name, this crown of laurel, woven for the occasion. Although little familiar of late years with matters pertaining to the stage, I make it a pleasure to comply with the request. Be pleased to receive this wreath as a token, both of their profound admiration for your genius and their high esteem for your personal character. You remember what the poet Spenser says of the laurel—

"The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors."
"Well is this line applied in the present instance. To be laureled is to be crowned by one who has won so eminent and enviable a renown by successive conquests in the realm of histrionic art. You have taken a queenly rank in your profession; into one department after another you have carried your triumphs. Through the eye and the ear you have interpreted to the senses of the vast assemblages of men and women the words of the greatest dramatic writers. What came to your hands in the theatre form you clothed with sinews and flesh, and gave it a beating heart and warm blood coursing through its veins. To what were more intellectual shadows you have given a body, form and presence, and a voice that awakens the deepest emotions. But I dwell no longer on this topic, which has been illustrated for this occasion in verse by a distinguished poet, and now I leave it to you, who, in this laurel crown, a token of what is universally conceded to you—a symbol of that regality in your profession to which you have so nobly risen, and which you so illustriously hold."

MISS CUSHMAN'S RESPONSE.
Having been crowned, Miss Cushman replied: "Beggar that I am—I am very poor in thanks, but I thank you! Gentlemen: The heart has no speech—its only language is a tear or a pressure of the hand, and words very feebly convey or interpret its emotions. Yet I would beg you to believe that in the three little words I now speak—I thank you—there are hidden all the feelings I should fail to express better though I should use a thousand other words. I thank you, gentlemen, for the great honor you have offered to me. I thank you not only for myself but for my whole profession, to which no special education or schooling, but only a life of sad and intensely earnest, and in my ignorance of other ways of study, I resolved to take them from my text and my watchword—to be thoroughly in earnest—intensely in earnest in all my thoughts and actions, whether in my profession or out of it, became my one single idea. And I honestly believe herein lies the secret of my success in life. I do not believe that any great success in any art can be achieved without it. I say this to the beginners in my profession, and I am sure all the associates in my art, who have honored me with their presence on this occasion, will endorse what I say in this. And an absolute mistress; she will not be conquered or subdued, she will require the most entire self-devotion, and she repays with grand triumphs.

"To you—gentlemen of the Arcadian Club—and to all who have united to do me honor

—to the younger poet who has enthroned him in his verse—and to the older poet, who brings the prestige of his name and fame to the managers of the theatre, he offers me—to liberally met all my wishes and requests—ments during this engagement—as well as to the members of the company who have so cheerfully seconded my efforts—and last, not least, to the members of my profession, who have so graciously added by their presence to the happiness of this occasion—I return my cordial thanks.

"To my public—what shall I say? From the bottom of my heart I thank you, who have given me always consideration,

ENCOURAGEMENT AND PATIENCE!
Who have been ever my support, my comfort, my main help! I do not say farewell to you in the usual sense of the word. In making my final representations upon the mimic scene in the various cities of the country, I have reserved to myself the right of meeting you again, where you have met me believe that I give you the pleasure which I receive myself at the same time, at the reading desk. To you, then, I say, you fare well, until no distant day we meet again there. Meanwhile, good, kind friends, good night and God be with you!"

The audience at this point again and again cheered, and Miss Cushman was about to retire, when the members of the dramatic profession, led by Mrs. Bowler, proceeded to sing "And a Little Sister." The effect was very striking, but after the second verse the curtain fell. So ended Miss Cushman's last performance in this city.

Twenty minutes later she made her appearance on the stage again with Mr. Jarrett or her way to the stage. As she passed, she gave three cheers for her sister city, "Queen," and followed to the stage door on Twenty-third street. Thence to the carriage waiting the dense mass of spectators, and kept it open between the two lines. Torches and flambeaux lit up the scene, and showed the thousands gathered in the thoroughfare. Escorted by them all Miss Cushman was driven to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where she was serenaded by the ninth regiment band. The square was crowded. A grand display of fireworks was in readiness for the amusement of the motley assemblage. Miss Cushman was called for repeatedly, and she finally stepped upon the balcony, but refused to make the oft-demanded speech. After waving her farewell to the spectators, she returned to the parlors of the hotel to her friends. Those without, after three hearty cheers, dispersed.

THE CARLIST WAR.
ITS CONDUCT AT PRESENT—THE COMBATANTS OF A MILD DISPOSITION AND NOT BLOOD-THIRSTY.

A correspondent of the New York Herald writes of the present conduct of the Carlist war: Everything considered, the war is carried on with more humanity than would be expected under the circumstances. The ordinary occupations of the people are little interfered with by either of the belligerents. The people of the country go and come and pass back and forth from the Carlist to the republican lines without apparently the slightest let or hindrance. For instance, the villages of Hernani and Urteira are little more than a mile apart; the former is held by the Carlists, the latter by the republicans, and yet the inhabitants pass between the two villages and go and come almost as in times of peace. The business of a spy must be a very easy one here. As far as I can see there is nothing to prevent a Carlist soldier from carrying off his uniform, putting on his ordinary clothes and going through the republican lines with impunity. Indeed, both parties seem to have the greatest indifference to spies, and present in this respect, a morbid contrast to the French, who took it into their heads during the late war that it was spies who did them all the harm. I have now been in the Carlist country two months, traveling in every direction, and have only been asked for my passport three times. In France, under the same circumstances, I would have been asked for it at least fifty times, as well as around Pampeluna, Irun, St. Sebastian and other places, the two parties have a kind of tacit understanding, the non-combatants are to be disturbed as little as possible, and except during actual fighting, they seem to move about as freely as in peace times. Apart from this one can not help being astonished at the very slight interruption the civil routine of the country has suffered. Public works and agriculture, on roads being repaired, bridges built, and everywhere the regular routine work of the civil government is progressing as in times of peace. Don Carlos has by no means been so successful in his military operations as he has been in his political ones. He has not been able to capture a single town, and has only succeeded in driving the republicans out of a few villages without coming to blows, and I have heard a number of stories which show that whatever may be their political opinion, they have no very great feeling of animosity toward each other, and that a reconciliation could be very easily effected between the soldiers once their respective chiefs were of a mind. Opposing armies near each other often strike up a conversation, and having come to a satisfactory understanding lay down their arms, meet each other half way, exchange cigarettes for wine, or wine for bread, or bread for meat, as the case may be, treating each other as variety of appropriate names and epithets the while (the Spanish soldier, unlike the Russian, always insults his enemy), and then resume their respective positions. In every way it often happens that troops on the skirmish line during a cessation of hostilities arrange a kind of armistice between themselves, but it is unheard of for sentries to do so. The following story, I am assured, is true in every particular. A dozen republican soldiers having got lost in the mountains one cold, rainy night, knocked at a house for shelter which happened to be already occupied by a Carlist soldier. After a little preliminary negotiations an agreement was come to; the republicans were allowed to enter and the Carlists shared their rations with them in the most hospitable manner. They all slept together in the same house, about half past morning, and each party went peacefully on its way.

THE REDEMPTION BUREAU.

ITS WORK FOR THE PAST YEAR—THE REPORTS OF THE COMPTROLLER AND TREASURER SPINER.

A Washington special to the Chicago Tribune, the 2d inst., gives the following information concerning some forthcoming official reports: The reports of the comptroller of the currency and Treasurer Spinner are not yet complete, but are in a pretty forward state of preparation. The comptroller will not recommend any important change in the present currency law, but will ask for new legislation on one or

two minor technical points. The treasury officials are highly pleased with that part of the act which requires the redemption of mutilated currency, and predict that next year it will work even better than it has this. In the short time that has been in operation, less than five months, more than \$30,000,000 of national bank currency have been received for exchange for legal tenders; \$20,000,000 have been counted, assorted, and sent to the comptroller. Of the remaining \$10,000,000, three-fifths are ready to send to the comptroller and redemption agent, and \$4,000,000 will soon be ready for the transfer. It should be borne in mind, too, that there has been a stoppage in redemptions for one whole month, because when this redemption was begun the treasury was in no proper shape for the work. Experience shows that \$10,000,000 per month can be disposed of by the present force of experts, or an aggregate of \$120,000,000 per annum, making it possible to renew the

ENTIRE NATIONAL BANK CIRCULATION.

once in three years. Ordinary bank notes will not last much longer than that time. The opinions of the treasury officials differ as to whether the five per cent. provision is sufficient for easy redemption. General Spinner will, in his report, renew some of his old recommendations with respect to the currency, and will have some new suggestions, as to the means by which the ultimate resumption of coin payments can be attained.

The secretary of war to-day had under consideration the request of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce that clothing be issued from the stores at Jeffersonville, Ind., to the Nebraska sufferers. He had not received the resolutions, but was apprised of their passage by telegrams in the newspapers. He will probably send a letter to the president to-morrow. As the president has made precedents himself for this, he will doubtless comply with the request. The action of the secretary to-day in calling in \$5,000,000 of the five-twentieths of 1862 is based upon recent reports from the European syndicate, which demonstrate an increased demand within a few weeks for the new fives. The gratifying evidence of the still growing popularity of the United States securities abroad make it almost certain, in the opinion of the treasury officials, that the syndicate will avail themselves of their option for the remainder of the loan.

POISONED HIS PARTNER.

THE ALLEGED MURDERER ARRESTED—A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

A special to the Louisville Courier-Journal from Frankfort, Ky., the 9th inst., says: A most remarkable and somewhat mysterious tragedy occurred at Peak's Mill, nine miles from Frankfort, in this county, last Saturday night. As the matter is to undergo judicial investigation in a few days, I shall only give you an outline of the facts as communicated to me by respectable citizens of the vicinity. Peak's Mill, who predicated most of their statements upon the dying declarations of the deceased, one James A. Bush, aged about 40. Bush and John W. Morrison were partners in the blacksmithing business at Peak's Mill. Morrison, who is about 24 years old, courted a young lady in the neighborhood, and it is said, became engaged to her. Bush thereupon circulated the report that Morrison had left a wife and one child in Barren county, whence both of them originally came some months ago. This Morrison pronounced a vile slander, and a bitter enmity arose between the two partners. On Saturday morning last, when Morrison started to Frankfort, Bush requested him to procure and bring out for him a bottle of ginger wine, a very strong alcoholic drink. Morrison came to the city, and while there, as it is said, purchased at one of the drug stores a quantity of strychnine. Returning to Peak's Mill after dark Saturday night, he met Bush not far from the house of Mr. Lawrence Harrod, where Bush boarded. Exactly where the fatal interview is not fully or accurately known. It is stated, however, by those who give Bush's dying declaration